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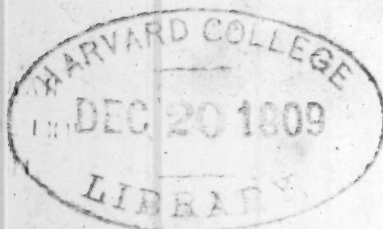
O F

Folly and Knavery.

By Mr. T U T C H I N,
Author of, *The Observer*.

◇ ————— ◇
L O N D O N :

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Taylor fund

THE EPISTLE.

S*ince Fools and Knaves are the major part of the World, I must expect abundance of Enemies upon the Account of the following Poem ; but as I hate the one, so I don't fear the other, and shall be unconcerned at the Resentments of both. Truth is a thing no Man need to be asham'd of, and he that's afraid to defend it deserves not the Title of a good Patriot. If these random Shot hit some, they have no reason to complain, since I could have as easily descended to particulars as have wrote in general Terms. I'm sure all honest wise Men must agree with me, that none are so fit to support a just Government, as those who oppos'd the Tyranny of an arbitrary One, and purchas'd a just and legal Settlement with the expence of their Blood and Money. 'Tis in vain to form a Government on the most Rational Principles of Human Policy, suited to the Universal Benefit of Mankind, if the Administration thereof be put into the hands of such Men, who have neither Wisdom to Understand, nor Honour nor Honesty enough to Support it : The very Being of that Prince is precarious, whose Government is supported by Fools and Knaves. The first are not able to give him Advice, yet through their folly may betray his Councils, which is equally as bad, as the others making themselves a piece of the Government*

vernment on purpose to rend the whole. There is as much difference betwixt Business and Grimace, the Combing of a Periwig, and the Exercise of right Reason, as there is betwixt the two greatest contraries in the World. To prefer a Man because he is a Fop, a Beau, or intrested by Marrying a Cast Chamber-maid, is very ridiculous: Or to prefer a Knave to Cheat a third King, because he has Cheated two before, is monstrous indeed, whilst noble Patriots, and Defenders of the Liberties of their Country, are perhaps forc'd quietly to see the Profits of their Labour and Toil ravish'd out of their hands, and nothing left to do but to contemplate on their Misfortunes, and can hardly distinguish betwixt their Fates, Hanging under Tyrannical Princes, and Starving under a Just One. They may look back, with an envious Eye, upon such of their Companions, who have made their Exit at the Gallows, whose fatherless Children are so far from being Rewarded, that the Memory of their Parents is a Bar to their Preferment; And to consider that a Righteous and Good Government is founded upon the Ruins of those very Patriots, makes the Scene yet more black and dismal. He only, that Governs the World, knows what will be the effect of such Management; But I sadly remember, it has been said, Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.

To

To my Friend, the Author of the ensuing
POEM.

E *Rasmus* first the noble Task began,
Expos'd the *Folly*, to reform the *Man* ;
In *Ironia*'s pleasing Garb display'd
That *Vice*, by which we're *Fools* and *Asses* made.
But the rough *Truth* that shou'd have made us wise, }
Lay deeply hid beneath a learned Guise, }
Shrowded, in Forms *Scholastic*, from our Eyes. }

This hard'ned Age do's rougher Means require,
We must be *Cupp'd* and *Cauteriz'd* with *Fire*.
For gentle Med'cines ne're can Health regain,
That strike the Patient with no sense of Pain.
When the *Disease* inveterate is grown,
Strong *Corrosives* must be apply'd, or none.

Thus on the Body growing *Ills* prevail,
We find we're Sick, but know not what we ail.
Our outward Weakness, and our inward Pain,
Give hints that some unknown Distempers reign.

B

Severely

Severely every groaning Limb do's feel
The sad Effects, yet none the Cause can tell.

To Politicians oft we have recourse,
Who, what they shou'd have *mended*, still made *worse*.
For that Physician never can give Ease,
Who's wholly Ignorant of the Disease :
Or, if he knows, wou'd, rather than apply
The true *Specifick*, let the *Patient* die.

The mighty *Cure's* at last reserv'd for you,
You are our *Prophet* and *Physician* too.
First you inform us whence our *Ills* proceed,
Then kindly show what *Remedies* we need :
Next you foretel, if we these Rules neglect,
What we must from our *Negligence* expect :
A *State* that sees its Happiness too late ;
A *Poet* struggling with *Cassandra's* Fate.

B. Bridgwater.

A

Pindarick ODE

In the Praise of
Folly and Knavery.

I.

MY humble Muse no Hero Sings,
Nor Acts, nor Funerals of Kings:
The great *Maria* now no more,
In Sable Lines she does deplore ;
Of mighty *William's* growing fame,
At present must forget the name,
Yet she affects something that is sublime,
And would in *Dytherambick* strain
Attempt to rise, and now disdain
The Shrubs and Furzes of the Plain :
He that's afraid to fall, shou'd ne'r pretend to climb.

II. Let

II.

Let others boast of potent Wit,
 And Summon in the awful *Nine*,
 With all their Aids of Fancy, Humor, Sence,
 Fair polish'd Learning, Eloquence,
 And call their gawdy works Divine :
 Hov'ring above my Head let *dullness* sit,
 The only God that's worshipp'd by the Age ;
 Immortal *Nonsense* guide my Pen,
 The Fames of *Shakespear* and of *Ben*,
 Must warp, before my nobler fire
 To their regardless Tombs retire.
 Thus Arm'd, with Nonsense, I'll engage
 Both *Universities*,
 And their Pedantick fooleries,
 Show the misguided World the Cheat,
 And let *Man* know that *Nonsense* makes him Great.

III.

Almighty *Folly* ! How shall I thy praise
 To Human Understandings raise ?
 What shall I do
 Thy worth to shew ?

The

The Glorious Sun, that rules the Day,
 Gives vital warmth and life by ev'ry Ray,
 His Blessings he in common grants,
 To Hemlock as to nobler Plants;
 Thy Virtue thou dost circumscribe,
 And dost dispence
 Thy influence,
 But to the Darlings of thy Tribe,
 Thou Wealth and Honour dost bestow
 On thy triumphant *Fools*,
 Whilst abject Sence do's barefoot go ;
 So weak's the Learning of the noisie Schools.

IV.

Tell me, ye Learned Sots ! who spend your time
 In reading Books,
 With thoughtful Heads and meagre Looks,
 To Learnings Pinacle, who climb
 Through the wild Briers of *Philosophy*,
 The Thorns of harsh *Philology*,
 The dirty Road where *Aristotle* went
 Encumber'd with a thousand *terms*
 Uncouth, Unintelligible,
 Not by any fancy fathomable,
 Bringing distracted Minds to harms ;
 The rankest *Hellebore* cannot prevent.

Tell me, I say, ye Learn'd Sots !
 Did e'r the old or new Philosophy,
 Make a Man splendid live, or wealthy die ?
 Tho' you may think your Notions truer,
 They'll ne'r advance your Lotts,
 To the Estate of Wise Sir *Jonathan* the Brewer.

V.

A *Fool* ! Heav'n's blest the charming Name,
 So much admir'd in Ages past,
 As long as this, and all the World shall last,
 Shall be the Subject of Triumphant Fame.
 A *Fool* ! what mighty wonders has he wrought ?
 What mighty Actions done ?
 Obey'd by all, controul'd by none ;
 Even *Love* its self is to its Footstool brought.
 For t'other day, I met amidst the Throng
 A Lady wealthy, beautiful and young ;
Madam, said I, I wish you double Joy,
 Of a ripe Husband and a budding Boy,
 And wish my self a sight of him you Wed,
 The happy Part'ner of your Bridal Bed.
 Sir, she reply'd, I him in Wedlock had ;
 Pointing unto an Image by her side,
 An odder Figure no Man e'r espy'd,

Long

Long was his Chin, and carotty his Beard,
 His Eyes sunk in, and high his Nose was rear'd,
 A nauseous ugliness possess'd the Tool,
 And scarce had Wit enough to be a Fool:
 Bles me (thought I) if Fools such fortune get,
 Then who (the Devil) wou'd be plagu'd with wit.

VI.

View but the Realms of *Nonsense*, see the State,
 The Pageant pomp attends the show,
 When the great God of *Dullness* does in triumph go,
 How splendid and how great
 His num'rous Train of Blockheads do appear?
 Almighty *Jove*,
 That governs all above,
 Is but a puny to this Mighty God,
 The blustering God of War,
 Who with one Nod
 Makes the Earth tremble from afar,
 Guarded with puissant Champions stern and bold
 That breath Destruction, talk of bloody Jars,
 Have nought but ragged Cloaths to keep off cold,
 And tatter'd Ensigns relicks of the Wars.

The God of *Dullness* mounted on his Throne
 Beneath a Canopy
 Of fix'd stupidity,
 Prostrate his numerous Subjects tumble down,
 They pay obeisance to their gloomy God,
 And at his Nod
 They act, they move,
 They hate, they love,
 They bless, they curse, they swear,
 For they his Creatures are,
 He amply does his Benefits afford,
 For each confirm'd Blockhead is a Lord.

VII.

Then talk no more of Parts and Sence,
 For Riches ne'r attend the Wise,
 Have you to dullness no pretence,
 You shall to Grandeur never rise;
 He with a gloomy mien Divinely dull,
 Whose very aspect tells the World he is a Fool,
 Whose thicker Skull
 Is proof against each storm of Fate,
 Is Born for Glory, and he shall be Great.

Who

Who 'ere wou'd rise,
Or great Preferment get,
Must nere pretend to Wit,
Or be that monstrous, ill shap'd Man call'd Wise;
He must not boast
Of Learning's value, or its cost;
But, if he wou'd Preferment have,
He must be much a *Fool*, or much a *Knave*.

VIII.

A *Knave*! the finer Creature far,
Tho' of the foolish Race of *Iffachar*.
As the unwieldy *Bear* among her young
Deform'd, and shapeless Cubs,
Finds one more strong,
Active and sprightly than the rest:
Him she transforms and rubs,
And licks into a better shape the *Beast*.
Thus do's the gloomy God of Folly do,
With the insipid Race:
He do's his num'rous Offspring call,
He handles one and feels his Skull;
If it be thick, he says, Be thou a Fool.
Another, if about his Face
He spies a roguish Mein, a cunning Look;

D

If

If there appears
The hopes of Falshood in his tender Years,
Good signs of Perjury
And hardn'd Villany;
This for his secret Councils he do's save,
Lays on his Paw, and bids him, Be a *Knave*.

IX.

A *Knave*! the elder Brother to the *Fool*:
His vast Dominions are no less
Than the whole Universe:
The Lands are bounded by the Sea:
The Seas the sturdy Rocks obey:
The Storms do know the Limits of their Rule:
Neither the Land nor Sea this Hero bind,
But unconfin'd
O're both he finds a way,
O're both he bears Imperial sway:
His gay Attendants are the Cheat,
That ruins Kingdoms to be Great.

The

The fawning, flattr'ing Fop, who creeps
Just like a Spaniel at your Heels,
To some illustrious Knave, who sweeps
Away a Kingdoms Wealth at once,
And with the Publick Coin his Treasure fills;
For Kingdoms work t'enrich the *Knave* and *Dunce*.

X.

Honesty's a Garb we're mock'd in,
Only wore by *Jews* and *Turks*.
Merit is a Popish Doctrine;
Men have no regard to Works.
Substantial Knavery is a Vertue will
Your Coffers fill;
And Altars raise,
Unto your Praise.
Be but a Knave, you'll keep the World in awe,
And fear no Law;
For no Transgression is,
Where all Men do amiss.
But here methinks an antiquated *Hero* starts,
Surpris'd at my Discourse;
He starts and boggles like a Horse,
And damns our modern Knavish Arts.

XI.

XI.

Vain *Youth*, he says misguided by a *Knave*,
By some dull Blockhead tempted from thy rest;
The worldly Grandeur thou dost vainly crave,
Is nought but Noise and Foolishness at best.

What Man wou'd quit his Sense,
Or, the wise Dictates of right Reason's Rule,
In vain pretence

To be a rich, a gawdy *Fool*?
Or, quit his Honesty, so much despis'd,
And basely condescend,
To every little Knavish End;
Run headlong into every Cheat,

Attempt each Villany to make him Great.
Believe me Youth, (be better now advis'd)

Thy early Vertues will thy Temples spread,
With lasting Lawrels 'round thy Head.
Shall flourish when the Wearers dead.

I who have always honest been, though poor,
In whom the utmost signs of Age appears,
And sink beneath the Burthen of my Years,
Con'd never yet adore

A Knave or Blockhead, were he ne'er so Great;
Or, be like to them, to purchase an Estate.

XII.

Poor thredbare *Vertue* ne'er admir'd in Courts,
But seeks its Refuge in an honest Mind,
There it securely dwells,
Like *Anchorets* in Cells,
Where no Ambition nor wild Lust resorts:
To love our Country is indeed our Pride,
We glory in an honest Action done,
When the Reward is laid aside
The Glory and the Action is our own,
We seldom find
The Good, the Just, the Brave,
Have their Reward
From Princes they did save
From dire Destruction, or a poisoning Foe;
They let them go
Contemn'd, disdain'd; and most regard
Those Villians sought their overthrow.
As if the Just, the Brave, the Good,
Were but a *Bridge* of Wood
To waft to great Preferments o'er,
Those, who were our foes before,

E

And

And then be tumbl'd down like useless Logs,
While those, who just pass'd o'er,
And the obliging Bridge shou'd thank,
Do scornfully stand grinning on the Bank,
To see the venerable Ruines float
Adrift upon the Stream,
Contemn'd by them,
Who give the Childrens Bread unto the Dogs;
In vain, says he, we've fought —
But at this Word
He fiercely look'd, and then he grasp'd his Sword.

XIII.

Pity it is, he said, this Sword of mine,
Of late so gloriously did shine,
In Foreign Fields 'midst Show'rs of Blood,
With which I've cut my Passage through
The Snowy Alps and Pyrenean Hills,
Where Death the Land with vast Destruction fills,
'Mongst Warriors, who
Venture their Lives for their dear Countries good,
Should now be laid aside

'Mongst

Mongst Rubbish Iron old,
From reaking Blood scarce cold;
Or else converted to a *Knife*,
For some damn'd Villain first to cut
A Princes Bread, and next his Throat:
In vain we venture to preserve his Life,
In vain to Foreign Fields we come,
In vain to Foreign Force all'd,
If a nefarious Brood at Home
Embarrass his Affairs,
Prolong the Wars,
Only t' enrich his Enemies,
Weaken his Government, and his Allies.

XIV.

'Tis strange a Prince, shou'd ere a *Fool* preferr,
To be an Officer!
A *Knave* may serve an unjust Government,
But ne'er prevent
Those Mischiefs may attend the just:
For who would trust
A Villain may be bought by Gold,
Unless design'd on purpose to be sold?
If Princes wou'd use *Fools* as Shop-men do
Their Signs or Boards of shew,

To

To tell the passers by there's better stuff
Within, 'tis rational enough.
But to set Centry at the Door,
A Patriot or a Senator,
Philosopher or Orator,
To tell the Passers by their is within
A *Merry Andrew* to be seen,
Is very much ridiculous,
Tho' to our grief we often find it thus.
Thus Princes Bastardize
Their Countries Sons Legitimate,
And give the fair Estate
Unto a Spurious Brood,
That ne'er did good ;
The honest Work, the *Knave* enjoys the Prize.

XV.

A Government adorn'd with Fools,
Empty Trifles, useless Tools,
Looks like a Toy-Shop gloriously bedeckt
With gawdy gewgaws, Childrens play things,
Painted Babies, Tinsel Creatures,
Wooden Folk, with Human features,
Made just for show, and no advantage brings,
And prove of no effect.

It

It dwindles to a *Race-Shorn*,
 In which no Man must act a Part
 But the dull *Blockhead* and the *Beau*,
 The huffing *Fop* without a Heart,
 What *Wise Man* would a Journey take
 On a dull Steed has broke his Back,
 Or have recourse
 Unto a *Hobby-Horse*,
 Those act by such *wise Rules*,
 Who prop Just Princes by a Tyrant's Tools.

XVI.

Surely the Genius of a fruitful Isle
 Is either lost,
 Or what is worst,
 Murder'd by those who shou'd support her Fame,
 Add Glory to her Name;
 The Heavens themselves have cast an angry look,
 Seldom the Glorious Sun does shine
 But Veils its face Divine.

Jove does misguide the Seasons every Year;
 Nought can we read in Nature's Book,
 To reap her Fruits scarce worth our while.

Our Mother Earth,
 From whose unhappy Womb,
 We Mortals come,
 Ne'er shows a Glorious Birth,
 But proves abortive as our Actions are;
 Nought have we left but hope,
 Just like the Blind at Noon we grope
 The number of our Sins we must fulfil,
 And if we're sav'd, it is against our will.

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IVX

Surely the Genius of a human life
 Is either lost,
 Or what is worth,
 Murder'd by those who should support her Fame,
 Add Gloried in her Name;
 The Heavens themselves have cast an angry look,
 Seldom the Glorious Sun does shine
 But Veils its face Divine.
 How does misguide the seasons every year;
 Nought can we read in Nature's Book
 To reap her Fruits scarce worth our while.

Or

F